



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE MUSICAL TIMES, And Singing Class Circular.

DECEMBER 1st, 1853.

NOTICE.

THE present Number extends to 20 pages ; which enlargement, it is expected, will be maintained throughout the coming musical season. No effort will be neglected proportionately to increase the interest of the *Musical Times*,—earnest of which, it is hoped, will be found in this, our Christmas Number.

[In appropriate illustration of this month's piece of music, we quote the following delightful article.—Ed. *M. T.*]

INEXHAUSTIBILITY OF THE SUBJECT OF CHRISTMAS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

So many things have been said of late years about Christmas, that it is supposed by some there is no saying more. Oh they of little faith ! What ! do they suppose that every thing has been said that *can* be said, about any one Christmas thing !

About beef, for instance ?

About plum-pudding ?

About mince-pie ?

About holly ?

About ivy ?

About rosemary ?

About misletoe ? (Good Heavens ! what an immense number of things remain to be said about misletoe !)

About Christmas-Eve ?

About Hunt-the-slipper ?

About Hot-cockles ?

About Blind-man's-buff ?

About Shoeing-the-wild-mare ?

About Thread-the-needle ?

About He-can-do-little-that-can't-do-this ?

About Puss-in-the-corner ?

About Snap-dragon ?

About Forfeits ?

About Miss Smith ?

About the bell-man ?

About the waits ?

About chilblains ?

About Carols ?

About the fire ?

About the block on it ?

About schoolboys ?

About their mothers ?

About Christmas-boxes ?

About turkeys ?

About Hogmany ?

About goose-pie ?

About Mumming ?

About saluting the apple-trees ?

About brawn ?

About plum-porridge ?

About Hobby-horse ?

About hoppings ?

About wakes ?

About Feed-the-dove ?

About hackins ?

About Yule-doughs ?

About going-a-gooding ?

About *julklaps* ? (Who has exhausted that subject, we should like to know ?)

About wad-shooting ?

About elder-wine ?

About pantomimes ?

About cards ?

About New-year's-day ?

About wassail ?

About king and queen ?

About characters ?

About eating too much ?

About aldermen ?

About the doctor ?

About all being in the wrong ?

About charity ?

About all being in the right ?

About Faith, Hope, and Endeavour ?

About the Greatest Plum-pudding for the Greatest Number ?

Esto perpetua ; that is, Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Endeavour ; and Plum-pudding enough, by and by, all the year round, for every body that likes it. Why that should not be the case, we cannot see,—seeing that the earth is big, and human kind teachable, and God very good, and inciting us to do it. Meantime, gravity apart, we ask anybody whether any of the above subjects are exhausted ; and we inform everybody, that all the above customs still exist in some parts of our beloved country, however unintelligible they may have become in others. But to give a specimen of the non-exhaustion of any one of their topics.

Beef, for example. Now, we should like to know who has exhausted the subject of the fine old roast Christmas piece of beef ;—from its original appearance in the meadows as part of the noble sultan of the herd, glorious old Taurus, the lord of the sturdy brow and ponderous agility, a sort of thunderbolt of a beast, well-chosen by Jove to disguise in, one of Nature's most striking compounds of apparent heaviness, and unincumbered activity,—up to its contribution to the noble Christmas dinner, smoking from the spit, and flanked by the outposts of Bacchus. John Bull, (cannibalism apart) hails it like a sort of

relation. He makes it part of his flesh and blood; glories in it; was named after it; has it served up, on solemn occasions, with music and a hymn; as it was the other day at the royal city dinner:—

“Oh! the roast beef of old England;
And oh! the old English roast beef.”

“And oh!” observe; not merely “oh!” again; but “and” with it; as if, though the same piece of beef, it were also another;—another and the same;—cut and come again; making two of one, in order to express intensity and reduplication of satisfaction:—

“Oh! the roast beef of old England;
And oh! the old English roast beef.”

We beg to assure the reader, that a whole *TIMES* (Musical or Daily) might be written on this single point of the Christmas dinner; and “shall we be told” (as orators exclaim) “and this too in a British land,” that the subject is “*exhausted!!!*”

Then plum-pudding! What a word is that! How plump, and plump again! How round, and repeated, and plenipotential! (There are two *ps*, observe, in plenipotential, and so there are in plum-pudding. We love an exquisite fitness,—a might and wealth of adaptation.) Why, the whole round cheek of universal childhood is in the idea of plum-pudding: Ay, and the weight of manhood, and the plenitude of the majesty of city dames. Wealth itself is symbolised by the least of its fruity particles. “A plum” is a city fortune,—a million of money. He (the old boy, who has earned it)—

Puts in his thumb

videlicet, into his pocket,

And pulls out a plum,
And says, “What a ‘good man’ am I.”

Observe a little boy at a Christmas dinner, and his grandfather opposite him. What a world of secret similarity there is between them. How hope in one, and retrospection in the other, and appetite in both, meet over the same ground of pudding, and understand it to a nicety. How the senior banters the little boy on his third slice; and how the little boy thinks within himself, that he dines that day as well as the senior. How both look hot, and red, and smiling, and juvenile. How the little boy is conscious of the Christmas-box in his pocket; (of which, indeed, the grandfather jocosely puts him in mind); and how the grandfather is quite as conscious of the plum, or part of a plum, or whatever fraction it may be, in his own. How he incites the little boy to love money and good dinners all his life; and how determined the little boy is to abide by his advice,—with a secret addition in favor of holidays and marbles,—to which there is an analogy, in the senior’s mind, on the side of trips to Hastings, and a game at whist. Finally, the old gentleman

sees his own face in the pretty, smooth one of the child; and if the child is not best pleased at his proclamation of the likeness, (in truth, is horrified at it, and thinks it a sort of madness), yet nice observers, who have lived long enough to see the wonderful changes in people’s faces from youth to age, probably discern the thing well enough; and feel a movement of pathos at their hearts, in considering the world of trouble and emotion that is the causer of the changes. *That* old man’s face was once like that little boy’s! *That* little boy’s will be one day like that old man’s! What a thought to make us all love and respect one another, if not for our fine qualities, yet at least for the sorrow and trouble which we all go through!

Ay, and joy too! For all people have their joys as well as troubles, at one time or another; most likely both together, or in constant alternation; and the greater part of troubles are not the worst things in the world, but only graver forms of the requisite motion of the universe, or workings towards a better condition of things, the greater or less violent according as we can give them violence for violence, or respect them like awful but not ill-meaning gods, and entertain them with a rewarded patience. Grave thoughts, you will say, for Christmas. But no season has a greater right to grave thoughts, in passing; and for that very reason, no season has a greater right to let them pass, and recur to more light ones.

So a noble and merry season to you, my masters; and may we meet, thick and threefold, this time next year in these blithe albeit most thoughtful pages.

MEMOIR OF A CHORUS-SINGER.

THE life of the warrior, the pirate, or the bandit, if more romantic and eventful, is not more instructive, and self-honouring, than the “short and simple annals” of him, who, in the low and entangled paths of the world, has toiled on to that goal where we all meet, and whereafter we shall all be equal.

Few men, in staking the long odds with Fortune, ever threw so many low numbers as John Silverdew: and few men have evinced, throughout the game of life, more equanimity and even cheerfulness. The harmony of the moral elements was so kindly mingled with his being, that nothing seemed to jangle their sweet peal. His mother was a joyous-tempered woman; his father a melodramatic-minded man; and both were humble members of the theatrical profession. John Silverdew began to earn money for his parents while he was a babe in arms. He performed the part of a deserted infant in a forest, to be found by robbers, at a salary of sixpence a night,—and a shilling if he cried. John Silverdew was not born under a weeping planet: although, therefore, he was left in the forest every night, before he had had his supper, he never brought more than his sixpence to the family income. His next rise in the profession was to appear in the part of a winged imp, suspended from a wire; but one